

The Vinton Record.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY
WALLACE E. BRATTON.
At Bratton's Building, East of the
Court House.

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Eight months, 1.00
Four months, .50
Payment in advance in all cases.

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H. C. JONES

[Late Captain 18th V. I.]

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street, North of J. K. Will's residence—
McArthur, O. [July 12-14]

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McArthur, Vinton County, Ohio,

WILL attend promptly to all legal business
entrusted to him. Office in Court House,
McArthur, Ohio. [June 28-14]

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WILL attend to all legal business entrusted
to his care in Vinton, Athens, Jackson,
Ross, Boone, and adjoining counties. Particu-
lar attention given to the collection of soldiers
claims for pensions, bounties, arrears of pay,
etc., against the U. S. or Ohio, including a Mor-
gan raid claim. [June 28-14]

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Attorneys at Law,

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U. S. for the Southern district of Ohio. Claims
against the Government, pensions, bounty and
back pay collected. [June 28-14]

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BRADBURY & MARK,

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WILL attend promptly to all business en-
trusted to their care, in Vinton and Ath-
ens counties. Office in Hubert's building, over
the Post Office, up stairs. [June 28-14]

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WILL attend promptly to business en-
trusted to his care. [June 28-14]

Watches.

G. W. J. WOLTZ,

DEALER IN AND REPAIRER OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

JEWELRY,

—AND—

Musical Instruments,

[Hubert's Building]

McARTHUR, Ohio.

Hotels.

CLIFTON HOUSE,

Corner Sixth and Elm Streets,

Cincinnati Ohio.

THE CHEAPEST HOUSE IN THE CITY

Terms \$2.00 per Day.

OMNIBUSES carry all passengers to and
from the cars. The new depot of the
Marrietta and Cincinnati Railroad, corner
Elm and Pearl streets, is only four squares
from this house, making it convenient for pas-
sengers to stop at the Clifton. [June 28-14]

Railroads.

M. & C. R. R., TIME TABLE.

FROM and after Sunday the 11th day of June

1866, Trains will leave Stations named as

follows:

Stations.	GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Cincinnati,	8 25 a m	12 35 a m
Chillicothe,	1 17 p m	5 10 a m
Hamden,	2 36 p m	6 28 a m
McArthur,	2 52 p m	6 41 a m
Zaleski,	3 13 p m	7 01 a m
Marrietta,	6 45 p m	10 48 a m

Stations.	GOING EAST.	GOING WEST.
Marrietta,	6 40 a m	7 05 p m
Zaleski,	10 10 a m	11 06 p m
McArthur,	10 33 a m	11 31 p m
Hamden,	10 45 a m	11 42 p m
Chillicothe,	12 28 p m	1 20 a m
Cincinnati,	5 00 p m	5 55 a m

Trains connect at Hamden with Mail train
to and from Portsmouth O.
Note.—Trains on Portsmouth Branch will
hereafter be governed by this time table, both
as to time and rules. Both mail and accommo-
dation will be regarded as passenger trains. [June 28-14]

To the People of Vinton

County!

Jay's Champion Loom,

PATENTED AUGUST 22, 1865.

Loom Complete for \$50.

I AM exclusive owner of the right to man-
ufacture and sell the above Loom in Vinton
County. Specimens can be seen at all times at
the residence of James Robbins, one mile east
of McArthur. I purchased this loom in March
last and immediately constructed one, which
has given the most complete satisfaction. Per-
sons having way to do, will consult their
own interests by calling and seeing the loom,
and examining specimens of its production.
It will weave Satinette, Cassimere, Ridged
Cassimere, Four-leaf Jeans, Blanket Twills,
Plain Cloth, Seamless Sacks, &c.
The capacity of this loom, for ease of opera-
tion, speed, and equal, if not superior to any
yet invented. It only needs to be seen to be
convinced. JOHN ROBBINS.

The Vinton Record.

VOL. I.

M'ARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO, JULY 19, 1866.

NO. 30.

Portical.

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO

KNOW?

I know a girl with teeth of pearl,
And shoulders white as snow,
She lives—ah, well,
I must not tell—
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her sunny hair is wondrous fair,
And wavy in its flow;
Who made it less
One little tress,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her eyes are blue, (celestial hue!)
And dazzling in their glow;
On whom they beam
With melting gleam,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her lips are red and finely veiled
Like roses ere they blow;
What lover sighs
These dewy lips,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her fingers are lilies fair,
When lilies faintest grow;
Whose hand they press
With fond caress,
Wouldn't you like to know?

Her foot is small, and has a fall
Like snowflakes on the snow;
And where it goes
Beneath the rose,
Wouldn't you like to know?

She has a name, the sweetest name
That language can bestow;
"Would break the spell
If I should tell—
Wouldn't you like to know?"

LOVE UP A LADDER.

BY QUILL.

A jolly young fellow, who once on a time,
To a third-story window had ventured to climb,
To court his Dulcinea—(a trim little maid,
But, compared with her beau, of inferior grade.)

Was told by his "ma," she was sorry to
know
She'd a son who would stoop so uncom-
monly low.

"Indeed!" said the youngster, "well, now, I
declare
I can't, on my conscience, agree with you
there!"

I don't call it stooping, my worthy old teach-
er,
When I climb up a thirty foot ladder to
reach her!"

The following is supposed to describe the
"Dixie," whose praises have so long been
known to song:

Oh! is not this a happy land—
With wine upon the lees?
Where potpies smoke in six-quart pans
And dumplings grow on trees?

Where Nature's lessons may be read
In every babbling brook?
Where bumble-bees don't sting a chap,
And mule cows don't hook.

Political.

ORATION

—OF—

RICHARD O'GORMAN, ESQ.,

—AT THE—

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRA-

TION AT THE TAMMANY

HALL, N. Y.

This day, citizens, you set apart
as the political festival of all the
year. You do well. It should be
a holy and happy day. Never,
while this Republic lives, should
its citizens fail, when this anniver-
sary comes round, to celebrate it
with pomp and rejoicing, to awak-
en the memories of its early perils,
to ascend, as it were, the stream of
its history back to its first source,
to that dark and doubtful hour,
ninety years ago, when the thir-
teen colonies, uniting in one sol-
emn purpose, set before mankind
that calm statement of their griev-
ances which you have read to-day,
broke the tie which had bound
them to the Government which did
them wrong, and appealing to
Heaven and the future, declared
themselves to be henceforth thir-
teen equal and independent States;
and in defense of their rights as
such free and independent States,
pledged their lives, their fortunes
and their sacred honors. You
know how well and bravely that
pledge was kept. Thus was born
the new confederacy of States, then
and now called "the United States."
Think, citizens, what it was then
and what it is now. This ancient
society has honored me with its in-
vitation to speak to you to-day. I
scarce know in what tone it is fit-
ting to address you. Fourth of
July orations have a doubtful rep-
utation. It seems to be the cus-
tom for orators on this day to utter
only such words as shall be pleas-

ant to hear—to congratulate, to
flatter, to applaud, and Heaven
knows there is for us ample sub-
ject for congratulation, and he
need never flatter who desires to
praise, to its desert, the brave, gen-
erous, American people. We have
much cause to be thankful. The
war drum rolls no longer, the sword
is sheathed, the battalions are
furled. The corn is waving over
the graves where sleep in peace,
side by side, the victor and the
vanquished in the terrible conflict
which has been, and never again
will be. That awful trial of the
Right, in which arms were the
advocates, and the argument shot
and shell, the bayonet and the
rifle, is over. Judgment unappeal-
able and irreversible, has been
given. It is decreed that no
State of the United States can se-
cede, can leave the Union, can
cease to be one of the United States,
without the consent of all. Judg-
ment unappealable and irreversible
has been given. It is decreed that
the relation between capital and
labor, which prevailed in cer-
tain of the States, called Slavery,
shall exist no more. These two
questions that have disturbed so-
ciety need disturb it no longer;
they are of the past. There let
them lie buried. For all this we
owe our thanks to that Providence
in whose hands are the destinies of
nations, and under Providence, to
the gallant men, who, on land or
sea, with steadfast hearts fought
the great quarrel out. Why should
I waste words in telling you of this?
Your own hearts cannot fail to be
sensible of it. And why should I
keep back the graver and sadder
thoughts that struggle for utter-
ance, or now, because it is the
Fourth of July, break the resolu-
tions I formed long ago, to speak
to the people whenever they cared
to hear me, the thoughts that lay
nearest to my heart—to be always
candid, frank, and open with them;
to speak the truth, or not speak to
them at all? Citizens, I warn you
that the Republic is still in danger.
The worst of the storm has blown
over. The ship still rides a proud
and gallant sight. She has escap-
ed, by good God's providence than
by good steering, the Scylla of se-
cession; she is drifting, drifting
slowly, but surely, into the Charyb-
dis of centralization. Can her
course be changed? Is there time
still to put her head about, and es-
cape the danger? God knows! It
depends on Him and the people.
Have you ever thought what cen-
tralization really means, and what
are its inevitable tendencies? Cast
your memory back to the state of
political affairs ten or twelve years
ago. Then, we in New York
scarcely felt the finger of the Fed-
eral Government. It carried our
letters, and collected certain im-
portant duties to an amount neces-
sary to meet the current expenses
of that Government, and they were
trifling. But for all other pur-
poses of Government, the law of the
State of New York was sufficient,
paramount and supreme. Now
all this is changed. The finger of
the Federal Government now is
stronger than the arm of the State.
We are getting what is called a
strong Government. We have now
let loose on us a crowd of assessors,
collectors of taxes, Federal officials
of all sorts, prying into every man's
transactions, questioning, spying,
informing, gathering up a large
proportion of our labors, and pour-
ing it into the central reservoir from
which it flows and percolates in
corrupting streams from end to end
of the land, and countless officials,
great and small, with faces ever
reverently turned toward Washing-
ton, as Moslem toward Mecca,
lap up the intoxicating tide and
cry for more. Our artisans work
hard and earn good wages, but
somehow they can't live as well as
of old. Wages are high, but the
necessaries of life are higher.
What's the use of this? It is be-
cause, in order to satisfy a few
worthless millionaires, to protect them,
to increase their profits, the cheap
supply of all sorts of commodities
which foreign nations are eager to
sell us, is, as far as possible, shut
out by excessive import duties.
Thus the manufacturer is protect-
ed; the manufacturer becomes
rich, the consumer becomes poor.
Thus labor is sacrificed to wealth;
the many are sacrificed to the few;
the people that pay taxes are sacri-
ficed to those that receive taxes.
This is bad, but bad as it is, worse
remains behind; for this very mon-
ey, wrung from the sweat of labor,
is used to fortify and perpetuate

the very system which oppresses
it; for this money, when paid, flows
also to Washington, to be wasted
or turned mischief and corruption;
as before. Federal patronage over-
flows the land. Who can wonder
now that at every political assem-
bly, some one, somehow fattened
on Federal diet, with that sublime
loyalty which men commonly ex-
hibit toward the party whose pay
they receive, in that vivid style of
oratory which all over the world
the pensioned patriot most affects,
denounces all dissent, all remon-
strance, all opposition to the pow-
ers that be as treasonable, seditious
and disloyal? With such com-
mand of money, and with such a
hungry horde of loyal adherents to
receive it, and fight on their side,
can you wonder that the five or six
energetic and unscrupulous men
who rule the committee at Wash-
ington which now caricatures the
Congress of the United States, grow
more daring and more reckless,
more secret and sudden in their ac-
tion, more secure of the continu-
ance of their power? See how
gradually, silently, surely, the influ-
ence of this political aristocracy,
like the serpent gathering fold up-
on fold, encompasses the Republic
about and chokes it in its tighten-
ing embrace. To think, speak, act
as this oligarchy ordains, is to be
loyal. To be loyal is to share in
the patronage they can bestow.
Who would not be loyal when to
be loyal is to be rich? Thus you
see how power—the power of the
purse as well as of the sword—a
power that appeals to all men's
hopes and all men's fears—con-
centrates in Washington and gath-
ers to a head. Thus the fatal con-
spiracy of the few against the many
grows and strengthens apace cor-
rupting, debauching the minds of
our people. Under its baleful in-
fluence the rich grow richer, and
the poor grow poorer, and the fatal
quarrel between capital and labor,
which in older countries from time
shakes all society, here begins to
mutter and to threaten. Why
should the peasant of Ohio or the
artisan of New York grow poor
that the manufacturers and specu-
lators of New England Pennsylvania
should grow rich? Is this your
idea of a Republic? It is not mine.
I have spoken of the mischievous
change in the theory and practice
of our Government here in the
States which have been victorious
in the late civil war. See how it
works among that portion of the
people on whom fell the weight of
defeat. It is more than a year
since the war ended—more than a
year since all resistance to the Fed-
eral arms ceased—more than a
year since the defeated people re-
cognized and accepted the conclu-
sions to which they had been forced
—that no State could of right, or
did in fact, cease to be in the Union.
Yet these eleven States, which
are now in the Union, were always
in the Union, could not take them-
selves out of the Union, have been
for more than twelve months de-
nied by this oligarchy all the Con-
stitutional rights of States to be heard
by their Representatives in the
great council of the Republic. All
obligations to the Union they are
held liable to perform. They must
obey the Federal Constitution and
laws, and pay the Federal taxes,
yet the rights of Representation in
the Federal Council, which the
Constitution secures to all, are de-
nied to them. They are treated,
not as States of the Union, but as
a foreign conquered people, whose
lives, liberties, laws and property
are held at the will of the conquer-
er. Is this Constitutional? Is it
lawful? Is it just? Is it expedi-
ent? Is it in accordance with the
will of the American people? Re-
member the grievances against
which the old colonists protested
as sufficient ground for their revolt
—taxation without representation!
This was the chief ground—the
most flagrant violation of the prin-
ciples of British law and eternal
justice. They laid it down that a
tax in its nature a voluntary aid
from the people to the Government,
and could not be imposed without
the consent of the people through
their representatives, legally chosen.
The violation of this principle
they considered an outrage worth
fighting against. And yet we, the
inheritors of their quarrel, of their
principles and their triumph—we
who read the Declaration of Inde-
pendence and applaud it—we Amer-
icans inflict on Americans the self-
same wrong. I say "we," for is
not this still a Government of the
people? Are not these half-dozen

potentates at Washington, by
whose decrees these outrages are
inflicted, the creatures of the peo-
ple, and bound to do their will?
Citizens, the people's liberties can
never suffer. Their rights can never
be betrayed but by the default
of the people themselves. It is by
their want of vigilance, by their
misplaced confidence in parties
and men, by their apathy and tor-
por, that their ruin is wrought.
Oh! for some master-voice to rouse
society from its stupor, to stir it in
to thought, as did the angel of old
stir the stagnant pool that the blind
and paralyzed might be cured and
invigorated. Let but the people
speak; their voice will roll like
thunder over all the land. Who
shall say them nay? Let but the
people wake, and these enemies of
the Republic will scatter as the
dewdrops of the night the lion
shakes from his mane. I hear it
said that Southern people are not
loyal, and guarantees are needed
from them. Loyal to what? To
the Constitution? Where else but
the Constitution can they find any
hope? They ask for its protection
as well as its obligations. That it
shall not be only a sword by which
they are assailed, but a shield by
which they may be defended.
Their conduct for the last twelve
months proves that they have
abandoned, in good faith, abandon-
ed the theory of secession. They
pray for "Union," and Union is de-
nied them. How long is this to
last? What was this civil war for?
That was the deliberate, solemn
declaration of the North.
It was for that, to save, restore,
preserve the Union, they fought.—
For this purpose and no other, then,
young men left the plow and the
bench and took up arms. For this
they suffered and died. Through
all their long days of toil and dan-
ger this was the prize they sought
to win. They gained it. They
conquered it. They returned to
their homes rejoicing that the Uni-
on their fathers bequeathed to
them had been by their strong arms
preserved. And now they find
they but grasped a shadow. The
reality is snatched from them. The
Union is not saved. The Union is
not preserved. The Union is pre-
vented and delayed lest its restora-
tion may thwart the plans or cross
the speculations of the honorable
gentlemen in Congress to whom
civil war, disunion have been the
source of profit and power they
could not otherwise attain to. They
need guarantees. Guarantees for
what? That the South will hence-
forth be loyal and obedient to the
Constitution, and the laws that ac-
cord therewith. What better guar-
antees can you have than they
have given you and give? Is not
their defeat complete, admitted,
crushing as it is? Is not this a
guarantee that they will never
again take arms against the omni-
potent will which has ordained that
secession is impossible, and the
Union shall never be dissolved?—
Are not their ruined cities, their
wasted fields, their desolate hearths,
the graves of their dead—father,
son, brother, husband—the graves
of their loved ones, on which Na-
ture, higher, mightier, kinder than
man's laws, will dash the tear?—
Have we no guarantee in this that
these men are Americans, our own
brothers—defeated, but not yet hu-
miliated, too proud to be false?—
Ask our soldiers—the men who
stood face to face with them in
many a hot and bloody fight—who
met them under flag of truce, who
met them on the lonely picket,
where kindred, ignoring the articles
of war, made them for a while com-
panions and friends. Ask the Gen-
erals who commanded our victori-
ous hosts—ask them if they would
not trust the word of those whom
they had seen so gallantly defend-
ing a theory with their lives. Ask
Grant if he does not trust Lee.—
Take the vote of the whole army
and navy. The men who fought,
not the men who talked; ask them
if they trust the loyalty of the
men they fought, vanquished and
forgave, and, my life for it, from
end to end of that glorious column
of heroes, will ring out "Aye, aye."
Would to God it had been left to
them—to the men who fought the
quarrel out—to settle it, and I be-
lieve the "Union" would be whole
to-day. But the Union must be.—
It cannot be retarded. There is
Union in the hearts of the people
—North, South, East and West.
They long for reconciliation. They
desire the society of one another;
trade and commerce with one an-
other. It cannot be that they will

much longer submit to the tricks,
stratagems and maneuvers of fac-
tion that to enrich itself—retain
power—would keep open, irritate
and inflame the wounds of civil
war, that only need time and peace
to heal and be forgotten. For, re-
member, time is running by—op-
portunities unused never return.—
Still the people of the South trust
the people of the North and West.
They still hope in their generosity
—still hope in their just second
thoughts—their calm common
sense. Let not reconciliation—
true, real reconciliation—be delay-
ed until that confidence is gone
and replaced by the sullen submis-
sion of disappointment and des-
pair. I, too, trust in the people.—
They are often abused and misled,
led to by factious men and for fac-
tious ends. But it is by playing on
their noble instincts and generous
impulses they are betrayed.

Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven,
But still the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

Tell them but the truth—lay bare
the deceit—show them that they
are made the unconscious instru-
ments of wrong, and they will be
as quick to resent the treachery as
to undo the mischief it has caused.
Citizens of New York, I don't
speak now to Democrats alone, or
to Republicans, many of the issues
which divided us are settled, and
need not divide us more. I speak
to you now on a subject whereon
we all must agree. Citizens of
New York, you are generous and
charitable. Never man had more
than you "a tear for pity and a hand
as open as day to melting charity."
You are eager to relieve want and
alleviate human misery all over the
earth. Do you know—do you re-
alize the fact that men and women,
Americans, of the same language,
faith color, as yourselves, your fel-
low-citizens in South Carolina, one
of your sister States, are starving,
dying for want of food? Will you
not help them, too? You can help
them—they don't ask money. All
they ask for is justice tempered
with mercy. Give them that, they
need no other help. Confidence
will be restored. Capital will flow
thither. The wreck and ruin of the
war will be repaired, and they will
soon add to the wealth of the Re-
public instead of shaming it with
their misery. It can never be well
with New York while it is ill with
South Carolina or Tennessee. This
alone is Union—Union, not in form
and name alone, but in substance
and reality, that no wrong can be
inflicted on any State, or any city,
or any man, from Maine to Florida,
without all the States, all cities, all
men, feeling the hurt and desiring
to apply a remedy. This is real
Union—all for each and each for
all. Citizens, don't look at this from
the low level of faction. "Sumum
corda!" Ascend the higher emi-
nence from which the wider and
grandest prospect may be obtained.
There is danger for New York when
the rights of Tennessee is excluded
from representation—by the same
wrong your own State may suffer if
the exigencies of faction required
that crime. During the civil war
that is past many things were sub-
mitted to for which the alleged
necessities of war were the only ex-
cuse. We saw the Constitution vio-
lated and the civil law set aside.
We bore it for the sake of the Uni-
on, which we thought by such a
sacrifice could be preserved. But
now the war is over. The viola-
tions of the Constitution and the
law continue, and the Union is not
restored. Citizens, beware! The
Republic is in danger! The histo-
ric danger of republics! The
Government has fallen from the
hands of the many into the hands
of the few. From the many who
are apathetic, to the few who are
energetic and bold. The idea of
the Republic, the respect for the
Constitution of our fathers, is fa-
ding out of men's hearts, and when
that dies the Republic is lost in-
deed. For paper constitutions,
declarations of independence, laws,
are but paper—worthless, lifeless;
mere delusions, mockeries and
snares, when they cease to express
the instincts and longings of a free
people. The concentration of power
will go on till man, weary and
sick of the worst of all bad govern-
ments, an irresponsible oligarchy,
will go one step further and "fly
from petty tyrants to the throne."
Do you ever think, citizens, where
in the greatness of your Republic
this great Republic of Republics
really resides? In its wealth, trade,
manufactures? Not so. There are